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Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

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Editorial

S. M. CROTHERS is to present the question of public worship at the coming conference; and Mr. Judy and Mr. Milsted are to follow in discussion.

REV. W. W. FENN, and Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett will continue the discussion opened by Professor Freeman on "The Liberal Minister: His Place and Opportunity."

IT is decided to hold the coming anniversaries at All Souls church during the day sessions, and at the Memorial Baptist, in the same block, during the evening. Noon lunches will be served in Council Hall, the old Methodist church, a short distance away. Mrs. S. W. Lamson, 3991 Ellis avenue, is chairman of the committee on entertainments and will help find comfortable quarters for all who apply.

MONCURE CONWAY writing in the *Open Court* says it was a great surprise to Walt Whitman himself, that any one could find a trace of prurience in his writings: "Those who have censured him on this score can not, on their side, conceive the completeness with which the popular transcendentalism of the Hicksite movement revolutionized the minds trained in its atmosphere. It was a sort of mystical naturalism to which nothing in nature—literally nothing—was common or unclean; and it was accompanied by an hereditary tendency to write with what Emerson used to call, Biblical plainness.'"

THAT rather stern critic of its day, the *Interior*, talks about "Pulpit Theatricals," and finds justification for the use of the phrase in a list of topics of sermons printed in the announcement column of one of our Sunday papers. Among others it cites "Whittier, the Quaker Poet," which was the subject of an evening lecture given by Rev. Mary A. Safford, in All Souls during her recent visit to the city. The charge of sensationalism will be an amusing one to UNITY readers here, and if it falls as lightly elsewhere it will hurt no one. One of the condemned topics was "Boomerangs and Monkeys," which our neighbor thinks well adapted for those "who aspire to imitate Talmagean gesticulation without Talmagean piety and brains." The *Interior* is at a loss to know how the gospel themes of "sin and salvation" gain a fair hearing under such disguises.

ONE of the attractions to the visitors at the coming Unitarian anniversaries in this city will be the possibility on Friday of visiting the World's Fair grounds. The buildings are already so far advanced as to give a striking hint of what is to be expected, and the thoughtful will be glad to catch sight of these buildings on their way to completion. To see their skeletons arising will be a great object-lesson in the skill and triumph of modern craft. The iron framework of these massive buildings, we suspect, will take rank among the the finest achievements of mechanical engineering and iron *carpentry* yet attained.

THE restriction of immigration is one of the most popular of modern themes, but there is a great deal of shallow and unpatriotic talk on this question. Senator Chandler opens it anew in the March *Forum*, enumerating half a dozen reasons why and how to prevent the large influx of foreign population to our shores. First we must enforce existing laws more rigidly, secondly we must make it harder for the poorer and more ignorant classes to reach our shores, the classes most needing us, that is,—by placing heavier responsibilities upon our steamship companies. Then the bonding system should be done away with, and stricter naturalization laws enacted. And these are some of the conclusions supposed to be evolved from a true republican sentiment! If one half the labor and time spent in devising ways and means to rid our country of the idle and vicious elements derived from the decaying civilizations of Europe, were employed to inculcate a higher sense of personal accountability among the favored classes, this problem would be quickly solved. A republic does not exist for itself, any more than a church. There is some degree of responsibility towards the weak and needy incurred in the acceptance of democracy in politics, as there is in the advocacy of any other great and humanity-saving principle. We are tired of hearing why immigration should be restricted, and we are longing to hear more about the duty of republics to live up to their political creeds.

A SHORT story, quite as profound in motive as Mr. Stevenson's "Dr Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and more subtle, is Henry James's "The Private Life" in the last number of the *Atlantic*. It is a story that opens up a vast field of conjecture on that most interesting of problems, which for lack of a better term of description, may be called the personal identification of character. Which was the real man in the celebrated novelist, Mr. Vawdrey, the idle dawdler about the *salons* of his rich and noble patrons, who always disappointed because he could not or would not converse and behave up to the standard of the remarkable works that had made his reputation, or the man recognized in such shadowy and mysterious fashion when alone in his room, or supposing himself alone, lost in his absorbing task of writing? The case of most deadly satire is that of Lord Mellifont, the accomplished leader of society, the man who proves to be nothing, except in the perfunctory relations he sustains to the world made up of graceful forms and customs, who does not really live, who simply poses. There is a deep and telling truth in this piece of imaginative writing. It is a story for thoughtful people to read and to discuss.

WE like what the *Christian Union* has to say on the preacher as a teacher, though of course we can not agree that the message of life which it is his duty to set forth and interpret to men, is contained wholly or even mainly "in a Book," that here the preacher is to find his chief inspiration and help. But that the church is something more than a club, a lecture room or a platform we thoroughly believe, though we doubt the efficiency of the church that does not make liberal provision for all these things. We agree that the preacher "is a messenger charged with a divine message, bearer of a divine life, and guided and inspired by a divine Presence," but we are more and more impressed with the impossibility of knowing anything of the divine except through human aids and instrumentalities. And God's messages are quite as often intrusted to unsanctified hands, to the humble and faithful listener in the pews, as to any other.

THE *Universalist*, replying to a recent comment of ours on something in its columns which leaned strongly to supernaturalism, thinks UNITY is in danger of going to the other extreme. "Now given 'supernaturalism' as the *only* way," it asks, "would UNITY agree to the salvation of the world on that basis?" Well, to speak frankly, we should n't like to. It then adds that it looks "as if our esteemed contemporary would hold on to its philosophy and let the world take its chances rather than have the whole world saved by 'supernaturalism.'" We certainly feel there would be greater need than ever to hold on to our philosophy, what little we have, in the event supposed. We shall have to confess too that *no way* of salvation seems more desirable to us than any yet proposed by either the extreme advocates of the supernatural in religion or the more moderate, represented by the *Universalist*. But that may be because we are so little exercised on the main problem. We are not troubled even by the little scare of the conservative *Universalist* on the soul's salvation. We desire only to reach as full knowledge as possible of those lines by which the soul has gained its present growth, confident that what is to be attained hereafter must lie in the same direction; that a miracle is no more needed at one point of man's existence than another, and that "nature's general laws," to which our friend thinks we pay too much homage, will serve all his legitimate needs.

THE Western Unitarian Conference is, properly, purely a delegate body. Officially, it must speak through the delegates of the several societies, who have qualified themselves for representation; but, spiritually and ethically, it is much more than that. It is a Conference of individuals as well. It is the hope of the isolated friends of freedom, fellowship and character in religion, situated beyond the limits of local churches or particular organizations. While such are looking to it for the spreading of the light they hope for and the truth they wait for, is it not fair that they should lend a hand and help share the burden? One dollar a year makes an annual member. Twenty five dollars makes a life member. Can not this last list be multiplied to the strength of the Conference and to the ennobling of one hundred people who will read this note? There are at least one hundred of our quick readers who are going to pay twenty-five dollars within the next three months to some missionary or charitable object which their judgment will pronounce not so far-reaching and important as this charity of mind. Will this hundred not send to M. Leonard, Treasurer, 6600 Ellis Ave., their good-will offering in the shape of a twenty-five dollar check that will enroll them for life in this body-guard of free religious thought in its organized form. Will they not be glad thus to belong to the Western Unitarian Conference, the most venturesome attempt yet made to combine missionary activity, religious fellowship and intellectual freedom. Let us hear from the isolated! Here is a chance for them to join a church that is already at work with a history back of it and a destiny before it. How can we make the Western Unitarian Conference the church of the isolated? By inducing the isolated to join us and thus become partners in the fraternity.

John Fiske's Latest Work.

The question is often asked, What is the best thing to read in preparation for the World's Fair? Perhaps no book has appeared of late that will justify closer study, not only for the above end, but for its own helpful sake than the noble two-volume work on "The Discovery of America" by John Fiske. It is interesting and encouraging to see how steadily this progressive thinker is winning his way into the confidence of the reading public. This last work bears testimony to the vitality of his previous work by telling us that his "Myths and Myth-makers" has reached the thirteenth thousand; the "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy," its tenth thousand, a work which sadly needs revision, condensation, and bringing down to date, thus

making it an available handbook on Evolution. "The Unseen World" is in its ninth edition; "The Excursion of An Evolutionist," in its eleventh edition; "Darwinism," in its fifth edition; "The Destiny of Man," in its fifteenth edition; "The Idea of God," in its ninth thousand; "The Critical Period of American History," in its sixth edition; and his later works doubtless are making a record worthy their predecessors.

This last book is not only a timely contribution to the Columbian literature, but, like the other writings of this author, it is a powerful contribution to the literature of evolution. So persistently does Mr. Fiske hold this principle in view that it becomes a key to the solution of many problems otherwise inexplicable. Mr. Fiske's success indicates that this key is going to necessite a re-reading and re-writing of much of what is now called history in the world.

The first chapter in this work, on "The Ancient America," is an essay that deserves a place among those found in "An Excursion of an Evolutionist." It is a worthy companion to the essay on "Man's Advent into Europe." Mr. Fiske is not yet ready to say that America is the "cradle of the human race," but he opens up the question in such a way as to prepare the reader for a startling revelation in that direction. He thinks human life has existed unmolested on this continent at least fifty thousand years. The Eskimos belong to the cave dweller period; the Indian races which are essentially homogeneous in his mind came from Europe at a time, either preglacial or postglacial, when they could come by land, and not via the Bering strait. Following the suggestions of Lewis Morgan, the author sets interesting and clear scientific boundaries to the words Savagery, Barbarism and Civilization. The first, according to this distinction, ends with the discovery of pottery; the second, with the discovery of the alphabet.

The ancient Mound Builders and Cliff Dwellers are only incidentally touched in this chapter, but touched in such a way that we wait, anxiously, for the time when John Fiske can give more careful and extended attention to these tantalizing and suggestive subjects, which bespeak a primitive life more striking than any remains found in Europe.

The American reader will be glad to know also that the author, after a careful study of the original documents, is able to restore to the American public the Christopher Columbus which recent criticism has done much to deface. In the main, Mr. Fiske finds him a hero worthy the task that was intrusted him, a man touched here and there with weaknesses, and, like the great Savonarola, found unequal to some emergencies, but, in the main, a far-seeing soul, struggling worthily with a prophetic burden such as but few natures have been required to carry. The tyranny of preconceived geographical conceptions brought out in this volume shows once more how much the human mind is at the mercy of its environment, how how hard it is to extricate the mind from the toils of a figure, an outward symbol, what a slave the soul is to a false premise.

One of the most interesting novelties at the coming Columbian Exposition will be the fac-simile reproduction of La Rabida, the old Spanish convent, at the door of which Columbus found succor for himself and his little boy. Seeking that, he found much more, the sympathy and intelligence that helped him to open the iron door of fate. To appreciate the La Rabida, to understand the significance of this celebration of '93, we again commend a study of this noblest contribution to the Columbian literature yet offered the public.

From Chicago to San Antonio.

It took but thirty-eight hours to exchange the wintry blasts of Chicago for the genial airs of Texas. Starting from the Polk street depot by the Santa Fé route, on the evening of March 2, we found ourselves on the following evening in Southern Kansas heading directly for Oklahoma. The day had given us wide range of view over the high rolling prairies of Kansas, and refreshing glimpses of the miracle we had longed to witness—the green of the wheat-fields, the glint of flowing streams beneath the bending branches, the pink blossoms of the peach, the tender catkins, and here and there the half-formed leaves of an occasional tree, standing out against the tracery of bare brown twigs and branches, as yet unresponsive to the invitation of the brooding sun. The change came not all at once, but quite gradually. Only a touch by the way at first, just a bit now and then, of the beauty newborn from the heart of nature, and as we glided on the beauty grew and greatened in our eyes. The blocks of ice still lay along the shores of Lake Michigan as we left them the day before, and friends at home were breasting the keen winds, but here we were advancing upon a new land where softer breezes fanned the cheek, and kindly powers of earth and heaven were working the miracle of life in the bare fields and woods, and beside the running waters.

Nightfall overtook us and shut out the sights along the way, but not the stars overhead or the mildly tempered atmosphere. "Twenty minutes for supper" at Arkansas City lengthened into forty or more, waiting for another train, and gave to the long-time prisoner of furnace-heated rooms in Chicago a gracious opportunity to fill his lungs with copious draughts of friendly air. This was our last halting place in Kansas. Once again in motion we drove ahead and crossed the line into Oklahoma without knowing it. Welcome sleep soon touched our weary eyes and when we woke in the gray dawn of another day, we were well-nigh through the Indian territory and rapidly approaching the Texas border.

We were up in time to see groups of dusky, dull-visaged spectators gathered at the stations as we passed, and occasionally the dark faces of Indian women and children peering at the train from behind window curtains or half opened doors of the low-roofed houses, or the slouching gait of a squalid brave driving a bony cow or tending a spiritless horse in a back yard. Ardmore, the most considerable town we passed in daylight, presented no enticements to delay. The houses were mostly tiny, one-story structures, a few of them painted a bright green, the rest entirely innocent of external adornment, while the *tepee* of the original nomadic condition was still to be seen in the suburbs. Evidently civilization proceeds at but a halting pace in the Indian territory, but let us rejoice that it proceeds at all. The vast undulating plains of northern Texas began to unroll before us in the early forenoon. Bits of white pennon flying from dried and blackened balls, betraying last year's cotton plantations, the live-oak which carries its foliage the winter through, and bare branches of the common oak adorned with tufts of the mistletoe, were unaccustomed sights to our eyes. Redbud in the woods, along the water courses, orchards bursting into blossom, men and teams busy turning up the rich, black soil of the sunny fields and prosperous early gardens, proclaimed that we had indeed found the spring we had come to seek.

Our belated train reached Fort Worth at about eleven o'clock and was detained long enough for us to see that there were handsome streets and residences and tall buildings—tall even according to Chicago standards—and many evidences of thrift and prosperity. Fort Worth has an interest for UNITY readers in being the headquarters of Rev. N. Shultz, a former Meadville student who is bearing the banner of the Unitarian faith through these sparsely settled counties. Whether the field is white unto the harvest I do not know, but I can testify that it is a wide one. After traveling nearly the whole day almost due south within the state limits and finding one's self but little below the center, the immensity of the Lone Star state dawns upon the imagination, and one begins to wonder at the possibilities of a state big enough to hold in its lap all the New England states together with New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, and still have fifteen thousand square miles to spare!

The evening of our second day out brought us to Cameron, the county-seat of Milan county, one of the richest and most rapidly developing counties of the state, and midway of the cotton belt. Here we rested a week enjoying the charming hospitality of friends formerly of the North, who for the last eight or ten years, have been at the bottom of much healthy material and social progress in central Texas, and then took the road again for our objective point. At Milan Junction, thirteen miles south of Cameron, we made connection with the Day Express on the International and Great Northern, for San Antonio, and at the same time had an opportunity to observe how the railroads dealt with the much-vexed race-problem. Each passenger coach was divided midway by a partition into two parts, one labeled "For Whites," the other "For Negroes." I confess to feeling a degree of humiliation at being thus classified, for the first time, purely on the basis of color, and in view of the dirt, the expectoration and general disorder of the *white* end of the car, I could but wonder how much worse it would have been without the partition!

Our route lay through Austin where towers the stately dome of the new capital, for the building of which a Chicago syndicate received three million acres of land in northwestern Texas. But of more interest to us than even this magnificent building is the little Unitarian congregation gathered here and ministered to by Kev. E. M. Wheelock, because it marks a step of spiritual progress, the growth of those nobler ideas in religion which are so much needed to broaden and modify the antiquated orthodoxy of the South, and inspire it with loftier ideals of life and character. Mr. Wheelock, coming to Austin two years ago with impaired health, has regained such vigor as to undertake this work of organizing in the state capital the pioneer Unitarian church of Texas. In a recent letter he says, "We have started a church table with such Unitarian literature as we can get without expense, except for postage, which we are willing to meet. The people who attend are very curious to know our doctrine and belief, and everything we can place on our table is read and circulated." Will not Unitarian friends take the hint and see that this table is kept well supplied?

Ten o'clock in the morning brought us to our journey's end more fatigued by our half day's ride in the compartment "for whites," than by the entire forty-seven hours from Chicago to Cameron in a Pullman car. We were soon at rest in our hotel—the Menger—on the Alamo Plaza, but a few steps from the old Mission House which is the center of so much historic interest in the early struggle with Mexico for Texan independence. The morning light revealed to us the Plaza full of blooming roses and the soft air was in delightful contrast to the cold winds which drove me away from home and work at the foot of Lake Michigan. In another letter I shall try to give you some idea of this quaint old city which is to be our home for some weeks to come.

J. R. E.

Men and Things.

ONE of our exchanges contains the information that Bjornstjerne Bjornson recently renounced the pension which he received from the Norwegian Storthing, refusing to accept, unless his brother poet, Alexander Kielland, received like honor.

DEAN BRADLEY, of Westminster Abbey we are told, has decided that there is no room for the proposed monument to James Russell Lowell, but has suggested a memorial window in the chapter house where Mr Lowell delivered some of his addresses.

A MOVEMENT has been started to get all the colored ministers in the country to hold meetings Sunday, May 29, in every city protesting against the wrongs imposed on the colored people, especially the lynching, shooting and burning of negroes in the South.

WE learn from the *Boston Budget* that another feature of the Salvation Army in England is a free labor bureau. Last year employment was found for about thirty per cent of sixteen thousand applicants, while the applications from employers was over fourteen thousand.

THE *Guidon* tells us there are to-day twenty-eight Unitarian ministers at work on the Pacific Coast. Five years ago there were seven. There are also five or six Unitarian clergymen available for occasional service. Five years ago there were six organized societies; to-day there are thirty-two.

MR. HAMILTON AIDE contributes a paper on Emily Dickinson to the *Nineteenth Century*, in which he says she "nearly missed being the most distinguished poetess her country has produced." He compares her with Emily Brontë and William Blake, for the double possession of strong individuality and brilliant imagination.

APRIL 20 was the ninetieth birthday of Rev. Dr. William H. Furness, the venerable and scholarly divine, whom all the world honors, but in whom Unitarians feel a special pride. The anniversary was celebrated quietly, within the family circle, but remembered by many friends outside, who sent in floral tributes and other remembrances.

SENORA EMILIA PARDO BAZAN, the Spanish author, is said to write the whole of a monthly periodical herself—a story, a review of the most notable books published during the month, and an article on the principal topic of the day. She is at the same time writing a novel; and she contemplates a big book on Spanish literature.

THIRTY-EIGHT young men graduated April 21 from the Chicago Theological Seminary. This is the second largest class ever sent out from this institution. Some of the topics of addresses at the graduating exercises were of a practical order, as "Obligation of Wealth in America," and "Relation of the World's Fair to Christianity." "The Humanitarian Aspect of Missions."

WE learn from the *Guidon* that Mr. Watari Kitashima, the young Japanese student and member of the Oakland Unitarian Church, now preparing for the Unitarian ministry, is pursuing a post-graduate course at the Harvard Theological School. He has secured a scholarship, and is also preaching and lecturing at Salem, Fall River, Roxbury, Hopedale, and other places, on Japanese topics. He can not return to Japan at once, without serving his term of three years in the army. Hence he has decided to obtain, if possible, a degree of Ph. D., and then return to the Pacific Coast, and, if the way opens, labor among his fellow-countrymen in San Francisco and vicinity.

THE *Christian Advocate* states that Mr. Gladstone goes to church regularly twice on Sundays, and that he humorously designates those who attend only in the morning as "once-ers." The *Advocate* adds by way of comment: "It is a melancholy fact, and bodes no good to Methodism, that the number of 'once-ers,' is greatly increasing, and another cognate melancholy fact is that many ministers are so foolish as to turn their evening services into mere talks, because the 'once-ers' stay away. The wise man has it understood that he always does the best at the time when under ordinary circumstances the congregation would be the smaller—the only cure for thin audiences."

Contributed and Selected.

Unitarian Belief.

We Believe in God's Perfection, seen in all created things;
In his tender loving Spirit, whence our best affection springs;
In the Laws through which he governs, true expression of his will,
And in which our lives abiding, we his purpose shall fulfill;
We Believe in Christ our Brother, loftiest soul the world has known,
In whose bosom as in ours, God our Father finds his throne;
That his truth and his example, stand as beacons evermore,
And by living as he taught us, we shall reach the heavenly shore.
We Believe Religion's blessing is God's gift to every race;
That in every age true Prophets, Saviours, Teachers we may trace.
We Believe God's Revelation comes through all inspired souls;
May be read on Nature's pages, leaves and blossoms, sacred rolls.
We Believe in Truth and Freedom as man's privilege below,
As his guide to larger wisdom and diviner life to know.
We Believe that True Salvation is to live the life divine,
And that Heaven is now and ever, where true love and goodness shine;
That The Life is more than doctrine, How to Live and How to Die,
And that Good Deeds are the seedlets of the harvest fair on high.
That we build, while here, those mansions read of far beyond the skies,
And that Righteousness and Character are keys to Heaven's prize.
We Believe in Aspiration, as the truest, holiest Prayer,
That communion with the Father soothes our hearts and lifts our care.
We Believe in Life Immortal, since our souls from God have come,
That his love will e'er enfold us, in his blessed peaceful home;
That we all shall meet together, one unbroken family,
And shall know and love each other, in that Land beyond the sea!

—*A. J. Rich.*

Milford, N. H.

The Indian Question.

There is nothing like a little actual contact with the Indians, for taking all romantic ideas of the noble red man out of one, such theories of Indian character as found their expression in the romance of Chateaubriand, in the last century, and in Cooper's novels, in our own.

For many years I lived near a so-called tribe of civilized Indians, who belonged to Canada. These Indians had then lived upon this reservation forty years, in comfortable frame houses, built for them by the Canadian government. Schoolhouse and church, were also provided for them. In these forty years, no perceptible advance towards civilization had been made by the tribe, as a whole. It is true, a few profited by the school, and learned enough to obtain employment as clerks in the neighboring town. A very few had their farms under a fair degree of cultivation; but the discouraging feature was, that these few, were, almost without exception, not full-blooded Indians; a mixture of white blood had infused energy into their veins. The real Indians, only lived in their comfortable houses, when compelled by the extreme cold of a northern winter, and in moderate weather camped in the woods behind them, and ran like squirrels at the approach of a stranger. They would not till their farms nor work continuously at anything, and they led a miserable existence.

For years, since, I have had no acquaintance with the actual Indian, and on a recent visit to an Arkansas town, just across the Arkansas river from Indian Territory, I took much interest in the Indians in the territory.

Indian Territory includes some of the best land in the United States, is well-watered, and has valuable timber. Besides these lands the government pays the Indians an annual subsidy for those they relinquished. In fact the Indians of the Five Nations are the richest people in the world, *per capita*. Any Indian can have between two and three hundred acres and practically as much as he will inclose and work himself, or lease to some white man, who can work it for him. They have good schools, where not only the ordinary school course of instruction is given, but also where excellent, industrial training is provided.

The condition of these Indians at the first glance would seem to realize that portrayed in Bellamy's "Looking Backward." The land belongs to the government of the territory, and although every man, woman and child can have it for actual use, no one can sell an acre of it, and every provision seems to have been made by the United States government in settling the Indians upon this reservation for their protection. They have been guarded like little children. There have been very rose-colored accounts in the papers and magazines, at different times, of the improvement made by these Indians. They certainly do manage their own affairs with a fair amount of success. They print papers in their own tongues. The schools at Tahlequah and Tacoma are certainly a credit to all concerned, and it would almost seem that the question, "Can the Indians ever learn to earn an honest living?" had been solved. But I found upon talking with men who had lived for years on the border, and who were familiar with the condition of things outside the villages, that the few Indian villages, especially Tahlequah and Tacoma, where the schools are located, and where the visitors usually go, give no idea of the condition of the Indians as a whole. The villages are mostly made up of half-breeds and whites. The Indian, pure and simple, will not live in a town or near a railroad. He is a wild creature and flees from civilization. To understand anything of the real Indian you must leave not only railroad, but the Indian villages, and strike out into the woods. Here in huts and wigwams, they live in a state of semi-starvation, except during the summer. They raise a little corn and generally have a couple of half-starved ponies. They hunt and fish a little, and when nearly starved will work a little. Preparations of corn boiled and sour, with a little side meat from the hog supplies their living. In the spring they are weak and emaciated from long fasting and when the first green shoots start from the ground, squaws, braves and children start for the woods, and literally browse like cattle. A gentlemen told me that this spring he saw Indians in the territory working for twenty-five ears of corn a day and furnishing their own ponies, because it was work or starve at that time.

Almost all the good land in the territory has been taken by the half-breeds and the squaw men—the white men who have gone into the territory and married squaws. The business in the little village is all in the hands of the same class, and a full-blooded Indian is rarely seen in these Indian towns. The schools and the government of the territory are managed by them. The brightest Indians throughout the tribes are picked out and sent to these schools. Here they are kept as many years as they will remain. An Indian can go to school all his life, if he chooses, and receive government support. These schools form the real and the only hope for civilizing the Indian, and if they were taken young enough it would seem as if their great aversion to work of any sort, shape or description might be overcome. But the discouraging feature is that many of those educated in the schools relapse into barbarism. Indeed, many of the people who have most intercourse with the Indians of the territory insist that the Indian with no white blood in his veins is incapable of civilization.

It is true there are educated, capable Indians, and rich Indians. But I was told that they are almost without exception half-breeds, or had such a large infusion of white blood that, from their looks, one would never judge them descendants of the Indian. But a clearly proven descent from Cherokee or Choctaw, no matter how many degrees removed, gives the right to land in the territory. And the people on the border are studying their "family trees" as eagerly to discover a descent from a squaw as the aristocratic families of some of our cities search the records of the old world to discover an ancestor with a title.

The impression I received in talking with people conversant with the condition of things was, that the whole present system of dealing with the Indians is a failure. The protection extended to them by the government has been a disadvantage, and the result has been a few white men and half-breed Indians are enjoying all the wealth of the territory. So long as the present system is continued, the real Indians will make no perceptible advance and will soon vanish from the land, where not invigorated by white blood. There seems nothing left but to give the Indians their lands in severalty, making citizens of them, compelling them like the white man to work or starve.

The schools have done all that has been done of value, in civilizing the Indians. Those who have most to do with the Indians, insist that if it were possible to establish schools something of the Kindergarten order, where the little Indians would be taken very young, and receive the school instruction, while living in their huts, with their parents, there would be some possibility of civilizing both parents and children, for the children would impart at home the lessons in thrift, industry and cleanliness which they received each day in school. The older people would then keep in the same line of progress as the children; while now the young Indian who goes back to his people, finds an impassible gulf between himself and them, and finding the task of raising hopeless, he often sinks back into their condition of semi-barbarism.

MARIE C. REMICK.

The Solitude of Self.

Upon the isolation, the infrangible individuality of every human soul, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton has lately based what seems to me the crowning, the unanswerable argument in favor of universal suffrage. However, it is not of suffrage that I wished to speak. It is of this solitude of self that sometimes so appalls us. It is to vindicate individuality, and bid all fellow-beings wear it royally. It is to call attention to the fact that as we differentiate more and more, one from the other, we still find fresh fellowships, and develop a finer and fuller language with which to communicate with each other. Both processes are in progress. The sharper sense of loneliness experienced from generation to generation has its recompense in the keener appreciation of emotions that are common to all, and the nearer apprehension of an Infinite Life that touches our own more closely than aught else can do. When all has been realized that may, we cling to our individuality. We hold it dear. We could not be reconciled to an exchange of destinies with any other human soul. Let us take courage, then, and be patient with God. If we had a task assigned us, if it were our part to pick a stone from the wayside and breathe into it that something which should constitute it a warm, palpitating heart, sensitive, finally, to all the joys and sorrows we have known, and if the effort were correspondingly greater than that required to reach a heart already created, but calloused, would we not go back to the thrusting pains of growth with a bitter comprehension of their significance, and a stronger determination to bear them bravely? It is these that we are forced to meet unaided and alone. It is the height of our destiny that necessitates the depth of our solitude.

MARION LISLE.

Walt Whitman.

Such a genius, entirely outside of ordinary classification, must be the object of extreme likes and dislikes. The list of his admirers, indeed, numbers many famous names; yet we can not help believing that Mr. Swinburne, master of the orchestration of language, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, of Anglo-Italian perceptions and culture, and Mr. Addington Symonds, with his exquisite scholarship—were attracted to Walt Whitman by force of contrast and by their overestimate of his work as the exponent of a primitive and and strange civilization. It could scarcely be expected that transatlantic critics should detect the exaggeration of his attitude as a typical American, or the affectation of his rudeness of speech—for they look to see our Pegasus a bucking broncho, and our poets who ride him Buffalo Bills. They forget that America is not disinherited of the past, and therefore a discount must be made on their appreciations of her art. We shall do better, then, to inquire why Walt Whitman was prized by his fellow countrymen, and how far his work conforms to the inherent laws of poetry. His peculiar genius, it appears to us, was the quick recognition of the soul which inspires every part of the universe, and the strenuous effort to express, by whatever means, the infinite fraternity of things. One who should succeed perfectly in this would be the chief of poets, and greater in degree than Dante or Shakspeare. With Whitman the material far surpassed the workmanship; for he was devoid of the artistic instinct, to which his verse is frequently an affront. The dreary catalogues, the repetitions, the egotisms, the contempt of the natural reserves of soul and body, the perverse avoidance of the technical traits of poetry—which, having their basis in the primal laws of harmony, should have been honored by him—all these are offenses unpardonable in the sight of the Muse. Nor was his proclamation, "The cosmos, it is I!" graceful or fitting. At all events, he was a cosmos to which the word of order had not been spoken. Rather, the impulses of the all-embracing brotherhood of this poet, who loved much, resembled the movements of the affection of the universe,, which, according to the mediævel schoolmen, were the cause of chaos.

But, beyond all contradiction of his most uncouth utterances, float the beautiful tones of his lament for Lincoln: "O Captain, my Captain!" and the enchanted heart-break of the bird left mateless beside the waves. Surely Walt Whitman was a great and unique poet, and now he is passed to the world where his imagination will meet the music that here it sought not; while in this world his name and his voice will be long remembered, and fragments of his strange, impassioned chant will survive among the echoes of "the dark backward and abysm of time."—*The Literary World.*

A MAN who never makes mistakes never makes anything.—*Edward J. Phelps.*

Church Door Pulpit.

The Providence of Man.

By Rev. Samuel J. Barrows.

"For we are laborers together with God."—*1 Cor. iii: 9.*

My subject is the providence of Man. I assume that you believe in the providence of God; that God's providence is the method of his government of law and love. His providence, I assume, is not something we should wish to avert or modify by the influence of our prayer; the best prayer for us at all times is that the will of God may be done.

Now, if we looked wholly on this side of the doctrine, we might easily and wrongfully infer that this fixity of God's law totally precluded all human action; that things would go on without man, quite as well as with him, and that therefore there is nothing for us to do but to stand still and "see the salvation of God." Such a view has sometimes been taken. It is the view of the fatalist. Man, then, is simply a puppet in the hands of God. The eternal rigidity or the eternal mobility of things extends itself to the sphere of his own life. But our view of God's providence must be held consistently with our degree of human freedom. For with the consciousness of God, we have also the consciousness of a degree of freedom and the sense of responsibility which comes with it. It is freedom for the fulfillment of our lives in God and for the fulfillment of God's life in us. If then there is a providence of God, there is also a providence of man; and the providence of God often works through the providence of man. We can not reverse God's laws. Let us be profoundly thankful that we can not. But we can do something more needful for us. First, we can obey them; secondly, we can apply them. We must ever assume the attitude of obedience to laws which we can not control. But we are not simply cringing slaves. We are masters as well as servants. God has given us a vast dominion in which thought, and hand, and heart may be exercised. These laws are at our service. They are just as infallible when we use them as when God uses them. If we use them at all, we must take hold of the handle and not take hold of the blade. We must use them according to their nature and method of action; fire according to the laws of fire; water according to the laws of water; light according to the laws of light. We find also that we can not only use them separately, but we can combine them in endless ways. We might pray forever for a single ray of light from the sun to change its course, and the prayer would not be granted. But by passing that ray of light through a number of prisms, we can make it turn a corner. If we want water to move our mills, we must place the mills at the bottom of the stream instead of at the top; for water is not accustomed to run up hill without assistance. If we bring water and fire together the one will kill the other. They can not live peaceably together in the same apartment. But by putting a partition of boiler iron between them, we generate from both a mighty force which obeys us just as long as we obey it. Thus we have the power to organize and combine the laws of God for certain ends. They will work for us, and they will work together, and they will work together for good.

We learn thus how mistaken we are when we view the province of God as totally separate from the providence of man. God is working it seems to us, in profound and mighty isolation. God and man have been placed over against each other, as though their spheres of action were separated by the chasm of an infinite difference. When we look at the distant worlds, we indeed see a sphere of action with which we as actors have nothing to do—God is working there; God is working through the vast universe totally independent of man. But when we come to the very globe on which we stand, then we see that God is working *in man*, *through* man, *for* man, and *with* man. And we can invert the proposition just as truly and say that man is working *in* God, and *through* God, and *with* God, and *for* God. Paul grasped this double relationship and put it very finely when he said: "For we are laborers together with God." God has done a great deal for us, but he has also left a vast deal for us to do, and the good or ill of humanity depends to a great degree upon the intelligence and fidelity with which we do that which we may.

Take in the first place our relation to the physical world and physical law. "God made the heavens and the earth," said the Hebrew. He truly recognized the divine power in the construction of the world. But when God made the world he did not finish it. He has never ceased to work upon its surface. He adapted the world to a certain extent for the abode of life, but he also left life and especially the life of man to adapt the world to life; one of the most interesting aspects of physical geography is the study of the earth as modified by human action. Geology teaches us that the earth has gone through vast changes since animal life appeared upon it; that it has undergone great changes since the advent of man. Many of these modifications have been produced independently of man or his progenitors. But we have only to look around us at an immense array of facts to recognize what a vast number of changes mankind has produced itself. Read Mr. Marsh's work "The Earth as Modified by Human Action," and you will see there the great range of human power with reference to the physical world. Man has affected vegetation, modified climate, influenced powerfully the distribution and therefore the development of animal life; has removed forests and planted them, changed the course of rivers, reclaimed wastes, leveled hills, filled up valleys, drained great basins, dredged streams and harbors, filled up bogs, built highways; he has made "the parched ground a pool, and the thirsty land, springs of water." Europe and Africa were bound together by a great ligament which God had made. Man has severed it, and the waters of the Red Sea blend with the Mediterranean. The mariner is not now obliged to double the Cape of Good Hope. It is only a question of time for the same sober surgery to cut the isthmus band between the two Americas. The rainfall in Egypt is slight—it is of no use to pray for more; but man gathers water from the earth to take the place of that which does not come from heaven. The irrigating waters of the Nile are made to refresh the thirsty land. On the other hand, man has sometimes driven the water away from the coast-line, rescued the land from bays and inlets, and almost from the ocean itself. What an immense influence was produced not only on the physical world but also on the moral and religious history of humanity through the wonderful industry and ingenuity of the people of the Netherlands. The total amount of service gained to the agriculture of the Netherlands by diking out the sea and by draining shallow bays and lakes, is estimated at nearly a million acres, which is one tenth of the area of the kingdom. They are still extending their coast-line seaward. Thus eight hundred years ago there was no such country as the Holland of to-day. God had not made it. He had made it possible, but man had to make it real. The map of Holland to-day is not even what it was at the beginning of this century; it has from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty thousand more acres of land than it had then. You read in history of the Lake of Haarlem. In 1840 you find it on the map of Holland covering forty-five thousand acres; to-day it is gone; pumped out into the ocean by the energy and skill of man. By the drainage of the Lincolnshire fens in England, four million acres of marsh, and pool, and tide-washed flat, were converted into plow land and pasturage. Thus not by any merely heaven-uttered fiat of God, but through the agency and providence of man, has the miracle of Genesis been renewed; "The waters under the heaven were gathered together and the dry land appeared."

The same Jesus who said unto us "Be not anxious for the morrow," also said "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove and nothing shall be impossible to you." The Master used these words in a figurative sense, but from time to time through the mighty forces which man could evoke, they have been almost literally fulfilled. There was the great Round Down Cliff near Dover, England. It stood in the way of a projected railroad. You know that man might have prayed forever to have that cliff removed, but that prayer which is only of words would not have succeeded. But there is another prayer and another faith—that faith which is joined to knowledge and which expresses itself in deeds. To this faith it was not impossible. A single blast of nineteen thousand pounds of powder blew down a thousand million tons of chalk and covered fifteen acres of land with the fragments. Was there any impiety in that blast of powder? God built that cliff; but he also furnished man with the forces to remove it, and when that fuse was lighted, it was an invocation to the eternal. It was as much a recognition of God's law as the lamp lighted on the altar is a recognition of his being.

When thousands of people gathered together on a Sunday to witness the great explosion of Hallett's Reef and the consequent destruction of Hellgate on the East River, it was deemed by some a desecration of the Sabbath. But to me there was something sublime in the thought that on this day God and man who had been working so long together for a certain object, were to join together for its consummation. Man had drilled the rock and made the powder, and laid the wires, and filled the batteries, but when the child's little finger was pressed upon the electric key, it was the eternal power of God that was summoned to consummate the work, and no gate of hell could stand against it.

But not merely upon inorganic material do God and man work together. Their co-operation is seen all through the organic world. The original apple as God made it was not fit to eat. It would never have tempted anybody in the Garden of Eden. Man had something to do to finish what God had begun. He must furnish the tillage, must study the law of its growth; he must search for the proper conditions, must seek for certain facts. And the apple, and the strawberry, and the beautiful rose, and the proud dahlia, are illustrations of the thought and labor of man combined with the thought and labor of God. Man had planted; man had watered; God gave the increase.

More than twenty years ago I was crossing the Great American Desert on the then new highway, that belt of iron which joins the two oceans. Covered with sage brush, and cactus, a vast monotony of alkaline soil, looking very much as when it rose from the bottom of the sea, there seemed to be no redeeming feature in this wild waste. But after we had traveled many miles across it, the train stopped and we alighted at a station. An exclamation of surprise and satisfaction broke from every passenger. For there in front of the neat and comfortable hotel was a beautiful garden with a fresh carpet of grass, spangled with flowers, and in an adjoining bed a promise of food as well as of beauty. It seemed as if such a garden must have dropped from heaven to reclaim and beautify this vast waste. And so it did. It was the power of man joined with the power of God that had brought it down. The rain from heaven had fallen on the mountains; but it was the special providence of the enterprising hotel-keeper that laid the pipes to tap the mountain stream and bring its irrigating fruitfulness to his garden, and its crystal, limpid beauty to the fountain that played in his doorway. "The wilderness and the solitary places were glad, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose." What a significant illustration of the words of Paul: "Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one; and every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor, for we are laborers together with God."

Thus we see that the providence of man consists in finding out and applying the laws of God. The illustrations I have taken, have been drawn from physical law. But it is just as true of moral and spiritual law. The whole history of civilization is a record of the progress man has made in understanding and applying the laws of God to the conditions of human life and society. Language was once supposed to be the direct gift of God. Men looked upon the Hebrew language as if God himself had furnished the vocabulary and constructed the grammar. But language we now see to be not wholly of God or wholly of man, but a union of God and man. The possibility of speech, the power of articulation is of God; but its form of application and its growth into language is of man. Without sound, no speech; the air is made susceptible of vibration; without tongue and voice, no articulation. Here are organs, the outcome of long development, constructed to produce sound, and organs of hearing to receive it; but the growth of language is the history of man's *use* of the organs and powers he has inherited. All through the intellectual history of man we find that growth and development have taken place not by sudden, and unexpected, and unusual manifestations of God, but by the growth of humanity towards the thought of God which had already been revealed but not before perceived or understood. When Newton discovered the law of gravitation it was no new manifestation of God. The power of gravity had been working ever since man was created, ever since the worlds were brought into being; but the law that it represented had not been perceived. When Newton discovered and proclaimed it, he was simply bringing the mind of man into harmony with the mind of God. The great philosopher became then a co-thinker with God. He sought and found; he knocked and it was opened unto him. The smallest child can not learn to walk without adjusting itself to that great law which the philosopher discovered, but which the philosopher did not create and which humanity had always instinctively obeyed.

In this case of gravitation men had applied the law of God long before they had understood it; but in many

ther cases the experience of mankind is just the reverse; we can not apply the law until we have studied it out. The lightnings had played in the heavens in the time of Homer just as they do to-day, but did the most imaginative Greek ever dream that man could make it flash under the ocean? Not until the nature and habits of the law of electricity were understood to a certain extent could it be applied. And now what greater miracles can the past furnish us than that which is repeated every day by which a spark of human thought in London can ignite a brain in Boston; or by which a voice in New York can be heard in Chicago. I remember when the laying of the first Atlantic cable was attempted, that an old deacon whose piety and devotion none could doubt, said to me that he did not think God ever intended it to be accomplished. And I know if the matter had been left with Deacon Oldring he would have tried to find out the will of God through supplication in a prayer-meeting; just as the Greeks and Romans consulted their oracles. But the only answer which God would ever give to such a prayer would be "Try and see." And the will of man proved what was the will of God. When Morse sent the first message ever transmitted over a telegraph, he made the lightning write these words: "What hath God wrought." But the pious wonder of that message did not convey the whole truth, for it was God and man that had wrought together; God through man, and man through God.

Now when we turn to God's moral providence as exhibited in the history of the race, it might seem at first that this at least was largely independent of human action; but when we look at it more closely we see that on the contrary it is the one feature of his providence which can not be separated from human character and action. The old tradition of the origin of the moral law is, that Moses received it on the mountain top from God himself. But a wider study of history shows us that this legend could no more account for the development of morals, than the story of the Tower of Babel could account for the spread of language. God wrote his laws not on tables of stone but on the fleshy tables of the human heart. It has taken humanity a long while to learn them and apply them, and we have not learned them all yet; but we know that the morality of to-day is higher than that of Abraham's day or Moses's day. As the Newtons and the Stephensons and the Edisons have given an impulse to human thought and invention, so the greatest and best of humanity have from time to time given new expositions of morality; given new impulses to life and action. Jesus said he came to "fufill the law"; not the Hebrew law merely but the larger law of God of which this was but a fragment. In Jesus we see the spirit of man in union with the spirit of God, resulting in a type of moral excellence and a force of spiritual inspiration which have affected the moral and religious life of man for eighteen centuries. Now the method of God working in the heart and life of Jesus, and the method of Jesus, working in obedience to the law of God is precisely the same general method in which God works with all good men; and the same method in which all good men work with God. If it were not, then we could not follow Jesus; and it would be useless to try to imitate him. God worked with Jesus, and Jesus worked with God. It was God that made spiritual excellence possible unto Jesus; but it was Jesus himself that must attain it. It is Jesus that suffers temptation; Jesus that conquers it. It is God who utters the divine law; but Jesus who must obey it. The question has often been discussed whether Christianity were of divine or human origin. But to take either side of that question as against the other, is to show ourselves ignorant of the method of God as manifest in human history. The spirit of Christianity from the earliest times, and of that great revolution which we call the Protestant Reformation, are instances of mighty moral and religious forces working for the spiritual renovation of humanity. The renovation could only be affected through humanity; through the zeal of preachers, the blood of martyrs, the power of speech and pen, and the influence of good and devout lives.

What an immense value it gives to human life and action to properly realize the force of this truth: "We are laborers together with God." There is no life so small and no work so humble that does not become invested with divine dignity when it is viewed as joined to the life of God. When we consider the power of God beyond the sphere of man's action; when with the psalmist we "Consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained;" then in admiration and humility we must say, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him." But when we look again at what God has given him to do, the endowment of faculties, opportunities; the command of vast forces in nature, the power of thought, and the power of love, then we must say again "Thou has made him but a little below the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor; thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou that hast put all things under his feet."

The truth of this text gives a great range and dignity to human life. Considered by ourselves we are weak and fragmentary creatures. But joined to the life of God we become ministers of his law and partakers of his authority; we become co-sharers, co-lovers, co-thinkers and co-workers with God. There has been sometimes a tendency in modern liberalism to rest in a kind of selfish optimism. But this text reminds us that the kingdom of God will not come into human society or human life unless somehow we help to bring it in. God's truth and love are to be fulfilled in us and through us. The measure of our privilege in working with God is also the measure of our duty.

In the economy of God's providence there is then a recognition and provision for the providence of man. It is for mankind to seek out the law of God and the will of God. It is not enough that we learn to control the forces of nature which are placed at our disposal; that we dig and delve, bind the lightning, girdle the continent with iron, and scud the seas with our fleets. There is a moral order to the world. There are spiritual forces; there is a great law of love which we must seek out and apply. This physical life with all its multiple conditions is only the basis for a larger moral, spiritual, and affectional life. You are called to labor with God, to think with God, to love with God. Our task is something more than to beautify the earth; it is to beautify human life and character. If we can work together with God in making two blades of grass grow where only one had grown before, still more can we work together with him, in bringing in the reign of truth, righteousness, love and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, which are the true signs of his kingdom. "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men; knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free."

The Study Table.

The undermentioned books will be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

Recollections and Letters of Ernest Renan. Translated from the French by Isabel F. Hapgood. Cassell Publishing Company.

This is a load of rowen from Renan's literary meadow. As farmers tell us that rowen is good for immediate feeding but makes poor winter hay, so this little volume is thoroughly sweet and juicy reading now, though it contains nothing of permanent value. The reflection is so entirely obvious that it must have been made before, that in this volume Renan shows himself quite the sort of man that the Jewish Koheleth would have been had he been born a Frenchman at the close of the nineteenth century. The phrase once or twice repeated—Who knows that the truth is not sad?—gives the key to the book. One is tempted to alter Mantalini's phrase and say that Renan makes us fear that the world is going to the "demnition kittens." His playfulness and saucy irreverence are simply delicious; two passages will be enough for the taste—

"I receive so many letters which announce to me my eternal damnation that I have finally come to a conclusion about it. It will not be very just; but I much prefer hell, after all, to annihilation. I am persuaded that I shall succeed in putting the situation to good use, and I think that, if I have only the good God to deal with, I shall manage to touch him. There are theologians who concede a mitigation in the pains of the damned. Well, in my sleepless nights, I amuse myself by composing petitions, which I suppose addressed to the Eternal from the remotest depths of hell. I almost always try to prove to him that he is a little the cause of our perdition, and that there are things which he should have made clearer. Among these petitions there are some tolerably piquant specimens, which would make the Eternal smile, I think. But it is plain that they will lose all their salt if I am obliged to translate them into German. Preserve me from that misfortune, gentlemen. I depend on you to make French the language of eternal life. Otherwise, I shall be lost."

"To tell the truth, as I have already allowed it to be understood elsewhere, the fate that would suit me best is purgatory, a charming place, where many charming romances begun on earth must be continued, and which one can be in no haste to leave, especially in view of the few attractions of paradise. What sometimes renders me not so very anxious to attain that place of delight is its monotony. Can one change one's place there? Heavens! how quickly one will have exhausted one's neighbor! Trips from planet to planet would suit me well enough; but the devout old women, who, they say, will form the majority of the elect, would not suit me at all. May God's will be done!"

Renan's friend was right in telling him that the public would always be glad when he spoke to it of himself, for the most interesting passages in the book are those which throw light upon the author. It is curious to hear of the calumnies provoked by the "Life of Jesus," for instance, that he received a million from M. de Rothschild for writing it, and of "the pious person in the neighborhood of Nantes who . . . . writes me the following word every three months: 'There is a hell.'" On the other hand, "A good Capuchin who read the article which I published a few years ago in the *Journal des Débats*, about Saint Francis d'Assisi, was delighted with it, and from that day forth, when he heard people speak ill of me, he said: 'Oh! no doubt . . . . ; but he spoke well of Francis d' Assisi, Saint Francis d' Assisi will save him.'" There is also this exceedingly interesting hint of Renan's literary method,—"One of my manias is to make incorrect phrases deliberately, *where the accent of thought bears directly on the incorrectness which renders it prominent.*"

It would be unfair, however, to leave the impression that the book is nothing more than a collection of *jeux d' esprit*, for, while the sadly sportive tone is rarely quite absent, it contains some pieces of serious writing, notably the concluding articles on "Amiel" and "A Philosophical Examination of Conscience." The only fruit of his Biblical studies is a letter on "The Portraits of St. Paul." The funeral orations are bright with no sunset glories or fore-gleams of sunrise, but the sky is clear and peace is over all.

"Honor, then, gentlemen, to this illustrious friend of the truth! He was one of the glories of our race. . . . The triumph of reason will be his recompense. A recompense! To tell the truth, we desire none. We have served the truth under the hard conditions imposed by fate upon the human race. That is our recompense, we desire no other. *Nil nisi te, domine; nil nisi te,*—'Nothing but Thee, O Lord: nothing but Thee.'"

"Farewell, dear colleague. You have fought the good fight, the fight for the true, for reason. We shall wait long, no doubt for the triumph of our cause. But we have eternity in which to wait. . . . Courage, dear Havet, courage!" (Speech at the Funeral of M. Ernest Havet, pp. 242-243.) W. W. F.

A Golden Gossip. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 348 pp. Price, $1.50.

Mrs. Whitney's stories are always interesting, and there is so much that is beautiful and helpful about them that it seems almost ungracious to make any adverse criticism, but it is a question whether her characters do not so quickly reach so high an ideal as to be almost discouraging to young readers *after* the first intense spirit of the story has passed away. This is only one person's opinion, however, and perhaps would not be borne out by the spiritual record of Mrs. Whitney's readers. The "Golden Gossip," who is the heroine of this new story, is a maiden lady, living in a small New England town near Boston, in a house built at a corner of roads leading to "everywhere," and into which all the gossip was brought, but "she was a more thorough gossip, she sometimes said, than to be interested in what everybody knew, and had repeated threadbare; the real zest of a subject was in the point unreached and hardest to get at. If she could n't find out a little more than her neighbors, it was n't worth while to gossip at all. When, therefore, a heresay came trickling along to her, she did not drink of it with all that it might have gathered on its way; neither did she ever paddle in it, or stir it up to send it further a little more roiled than before. If she did anything, she followed it straight up to the spring-head, and saw for herself with what quality it started."

"Oh, I only came gossiping," she said.

Mrs. Rospery replied, "And it's good to have somebody *come* gossiping and find out the sense of your affairs. It's a new way."

This is the keynote of the book, for the "Golden Gossip" does a world of good by her steady gossiping in the right way, so that all things come to a successful issue at last, including the two pretty love stories that run through the book.

Like all of Mrs. Whitney's stories this one contains scores of good things we would like to quote, and here are two, differing widely: "I declare," she said, "that woman makes me feel feeble. I don't know what to say to her. She ain't bad—nor bad-hearted; but she endures a lot of trouble beforehand. If folks will sit on misery's eggs, they need n't complain when something hatches."

"Courage is only confidence in the right working of things.

"Self-control is a grand thing; it gives a man a share in the government of the universe." J. S.

A Christening Gift. By Julia Sargent Visher. Chicago: Searle & Gorton. Price, 15 cents.

An attractive little book of 24 pages, heavy white card cover, bearing the title in a pretty design in gold; good paper, pretty type, adorned with comely little vignettes here and there, and having a page prepared for the insertion of the name of the christened child. Mrs. Visher has done her work of compilation, which is of course the main thing, in a way leaving nothing to be desired. Her selections are very excellent, and her own poems, only three, worthy of the good company they are in. The little book is so fair to the eye and evinces so much taste and judgment that I shall be glad to use it as a christening token in the church. J. V. B.

Harmonized Melodies. By Charles D. Blake. Boston: F. Trifet.

A collection of songs and ballads, of too miscellaneous and a rather commonplace order, entirely unsuited to the cultured musical taste, and which it seems a pity the publisher, for his own credit, should not have sifted thoroughly, and patterned after a much higher standard.

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Notes from the Field.

Norwegian Note.—Some time ago a prominent Norwegian author published a popular work on the higher intellectual and spiritual life in America and the view taken of all things American was exceedingly bitter and gloomy. Unitarianism came in for its share of this criticism. Mr. Lyche took advantage of the popularity of this work and used it as a starting-point for a series of articles on the better and more encouraging sides of American life. A brief discussion with the author, and a general discussion of American affairs and with it of all things liberal has resulted. In a longer article Mr. Lyche took up Unitarianism, which the author had set down as a halfway step and compromise between rationalism and tradition, and presented it as pure religious rationalism, a growing faith, and liberal in all respects. All these articles were cheerfully received and given prominent place in the leading liberal daily paper, the chief organ of the liberal majority in Norway.

The only literary and liberal review in Norway also publishes articles on American authors and religious teachers outside of Christianity.

A column has also been offered Mr. Lyche in the weekly edition of the leading Scandinavian paper in this country, in which to preach Unity Club work or anything related thereto, among Scandinavians, an opportunity he hopes to find time so to use that interest may be awakened in the work among his countrymen. Through letters and papers he has cheering signs of awakening interest in liberal religious ideas in Norway. For a long time a large part of the educated people have been liberal, but not religious, nor interested in religion. But the younger generation is turning enthusiastically towards it from a purely rational standpoint. The movement is native and spontaneous, due to no effort from without, does not call itself Unitarian, but is essentially that, and is the natural outgrowth of what has gone before. It is interesting, too, as being connected with all other liberal movements—liberal politics, social problems, peace associations, etc. Indeed, it seems like the uniting of all liberal elements around religion as the central fact in life, and it promises to be such religion as shall bless the deepest study, and manifest itself in pure and noble life.

Sturgis, Mich.—The spring session of the Michigan Conference of Unitarians which was held in the Free Church of Sturgis, April 8, 9 and 10 was both interesting and instructive. Several valuable papers were read and discussed, some of the subjects of which were "The Salvation Army as seen in London," "To-day's Religious Outlook," "The Kind of Revival we need," "Midweek Religious Meetings." Sermons were preached by Revs. L. R. Daniels of Big Rapid, J. T. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, Mila T. Tupper of Grand Rapids, T. B. Forbush of Chicago and others. Miss Tupper's address on Saturday was exceedingly pleasing, particularly to the ladies present. Mr. Forbush's concluding discourse on Sunday evening called forth much comment pro and con in this little city, which has not quite subsided yet, the subject was a peculiar appearing one to many, viz.: "The Three Christianities." There was a fair attendance from abroad and at home, and extended reports appeared in all three of the Sturgis newspapers. On Easter Sunday, the church was decorated for the regular services, including Sunday-school, with growing plants and flowers, variously colored eggs, ornaments of various kinds, pictures, drapery of bright, cheerful tints and so forth, while singing birds in handsome cages imported a lifelike character to the scene, as they hopped about and chirruped or assisted the choir to sing praises to the Giver of spring. All this ornamentation was arrayed under the direction of Mrs. Buckley, the pastor's "other half," whose inspiration is everywhere apparent, particularly in everything that relates to the Sunday-school, which continues to increase in size and interest. It meets every Sunday after morning service.

THOS. HARDING.

Boston.—The fifteenth annual grove meeting will be held in Weirs, N. H., July 31 to August 6, with some usual attractions and good uses.

—The celebration of Dr. Hale's seventieth birthday has been enjoyed by the doctor and his numerous friends, the young and old; perhaps best of all by his "Lend-a-Hand" Clubs. These illustrated the truth of the saying that "the fit word of a moment may become the epigram of a career."

—The closing banquets of our several Unitarian Clubs testified to an unusual interest in their winter's work for the churches done by the lay members.

—A notable meeting of the "Woman's Alliance" was held April 22, at Parker Memorial Hall. H. G. Wadlin, Mrs. Chas. G. Ames, Misses Smith and Gardner made addresses.

—The A. U. A. at its late meeting appropriated various sums to New England churches; $1,625 less in total amount than last year; and of that amount $1,200 had voluntarily been relinquished. Mr. Arthur Lincoln was chosen Treasurer, vice C. H. Blanchard resigned. $2,000 were voted for tract distribution, voted $500 to church in New Orleans, La.; $500 a year to Fargo, N. Dak.; $50 per month to Carthage, Mo.; $1,500 to Iowa City, Ia.; $200, Ontario, Cal.; the sum heretofore given Fairhaven, Wash., to be transferred to Stockton, Cal. Voted that a Committee of five—Reynolds, Calder, Wadlin, Dole and Mrs. Hooper—meet the Council of the National Conference and consult on some action of our denomination at the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago.

—Three thousand and forty-eight children enjoyed last summer the "Country Week" of the Boston Y. M. Ch. Union, under auspices of W. H. Baldwin and his assistant Miss Ellen H. Bailey.

Chicago.—We of the Third church had a new kind of sociable last Friday evening at the "Parish house."

When Mr. Blake announced the Book-Guess sociable, we all put on our thinking caps and wondered what book we would choose and how we should represent it.

Upon our arrival upon the appointed evening we were all duly numbered and provided with paper and pencil upon which to write down our guesses. To whom should be given the palm as best guesser would be announced at the close of the evening.

Our ingenuity developed itself in the representation of some fifty books, all of great familiarity, of course.

The letters S. A. upon one of the church fathers proclaimed the *Essay on Man;* a strip of ribbon bearing the word "Because" told of *A Woman's Reason;* a graphic representation of the sun was *The Light of the World;* one guest carrying a common garden hoe said "Ivanhoe" plainly enough to all whose ears were not too dull to hear—but I must not tell you any more of the secrets, for if you want to sharpen up your wits and have a jolly evening which old and young can enjoy together you will have a Book-Guess sociable. You will have it at the Parish house too, if you have one and if there dwell therein the hospitality of our minister and his wife, which makes it indeed a house to which the church people have a hearty welcome at all time.

M. L. L.

A Word for Unity.—I have been a reader of UNITY for a little more than one year. During that time I have been led to look upon it as being a little [illegible] bearer," bearing light to all who read, as progenitor privilege that we have a f[illegible] look around us in our land, the aim of wh[illegible] present to its readers the plain, straight truth. It is to this truth, untrammeled by absurd puerility, that we are to look for mental, moral and spiritual vigor and development. I have read its editorials with much pleasure and profit. The Church Door Pulpit has produced many able, suggestive and helpful sermons. I think the contributions on "Ancient Religions," by Rev John C. Learned, are very valuable.

Denver.—The Rocky Mountain Conference meets here April 29, 30, and May 1. Rev. S. A. Eliot is president. Mr. Forbush preaches the opening sermon on "Our Liberal Gospel," and also conducts a discussion on "Our Missionary Means and Methods." Revs. J. H. Crooker, J. E. Roberts, W. R. G. Mellen, take part in the exercises. The printed programme reaches us too late to publish entire.

Wichita, Kan.—The annual meeting of the Missouri Valley Conference was held April 25. Rev. T. B. Forbush conducted the preliminary evening services. Rev. C. W. Howland of Lawrence, Rev. C. H. Rogers of Arkansas City, Rev. W. G. Todd of Topeka, and Rev. J. E. Roberts of Kansas City, were among those on the programme. In the evening the ordination services of Rev. Eugene R. Shippen were held.

New York.—A friend writes, describing her work in the organization of an evening club for working girls, with classes in drawing, sewing, penmanship, etc. The *Tribune* speaks of the enterprise with praise, as opening a chance for study and social recreation to young women employed all day, they would not otherwise enjoy. The work is carried on under the auspices of the Lenox Avenue Unitarian church, Mr. M. St. C. Wright, pastor.

Luverne, Minn.—Unity Church, Luverne, Minn., celebrated Easter with a union service of Sunday-school and congregation. The church was decorated with plants and flowers. A memorial table with Easter lilies was a pretty feature. At Adrain in the evening another Easter service was held.

Montpelier, Vt.—The Unitarian society has given its pastor, Rev. J. Edward Wright, a leave of absence for a year, and voted to continue his salary during that time. Mr. Wright has been settled in Montpelier for thirteen years, during which time he has been a steadily increasing influence in the religious and intellectual life of the place. He has well earned the rest and change which his vacation will afford him.—*Christian Register.*

A Chance to Make Money.

I have strawberries, cherries and peaches, fresh as when picked. I use The "California Cold Process," do not heat or seal the fruit; put it up cold, and it keeps perfectly fresh; can put up a bushel in ten minutes; costs about a cent a quart. I sold directions to over 100 families last week; every one seems willing to pay $1.00 when they see the beautiful samples. I got directions from The Ohio Fruit Co., New Concord, Ohio. They mail samples and complete directions to any one, for 17 two-cent stamps, which is the actual cost of samples, postage, advertising, etc. Times are so hard, I think it my duty to give my experience for the benefit of others, for why can not any one, make two or three hundred dollars round home, in a few days in this way?

MRS. F. R.——

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Thurs.—To manage men one ought to have a sharp mind in a velvet sheath.

Fri.—One must be poor to know the luxury of giving.

Sat.—Men's muscles move better when their souls are making merry music.

—*Geo. Eliot.*

Song of the Northwind.

Boreas blew his bugle loud,
Keen was his bitter blast,
The Ice-king nodded, Frost-king bowed,
The snow fell thick and fast.

Heigho! now for a jolly ride
Across the plains to-night;
We'll reach the City fair, he cried,
Before to-morrow's light.

With chilling gusts we'll greet the poor,
The outcast, and the weak;
The wretched, hungry men, who sore
At heart, for work still seek.

We'll revel in the widow's woe,
The crouching children's cry,
We'll show ourselves so stern a foe
That all must fear and fly.

We'll rock the rivers and the seas
With all our might and main;
We'll break the bare boughs on the trees,
And make them roar with pain.

Ah! bitter is the cruel work,
Direful the havic wrought,
'Mong needy ones, 'mong waifs that lurk
Unhoused, unkempt, unsought.

Furiously the Storm-kings go,
Raging at man, beast, bird;
They shatter, hurl and tear,—when, lo!
A gentle voice is heard.

And tripping, dainty, full of grace
Comes smiling Spring; the Sprite!
Beaming, she shows her lovely face,
And all again is bright.

MAY R. HAYMES.

Rudra's Wish.

In a village that was built at the foot of a tall mountain there once lived a little boy whose name was Rudra. He was so lame that he could not run about with other children, but could only watch them as they climbed trees, scampered over meadows, or played among the rocks on the mountain side. He heard them laugh and shout all day, for they were as busy as those wise little bees that know how to take honey out of flowers and store it carefully away in their houses; and because they were so busy they were happy.

But Rudra was not happy. He grew tired of sitting in his little chair, and even of lying under the great trees with his face turned to the sky to watch the clouds go by. Often he would sigh and say, "I wish that I could run. Things are so happy that can go where they please. I wish that I could run." So he spent the days watching and wishing.

One afternoon as he lay on the sweet grass he saw a soft white cloud moving far above him.

"I wish I could be on that cloud," he though.

"You can be," said a voice, so softly that Rudra wondered where it came from. He looked around but saw nobody. Then he asked, "Who was it that spoke to me?"

"It was I," answered the same low voice. I am a fairy whom you can not see any more than you can see the air, but I am here. My dress is lighter than a soap-bubble, but children's eyes are not made to see things so fine as fairies, or their gowns, so I can't show it to you."

"That is too bad," Rudra; but I know that you are here, because I can hear you speak, though I can not see you. Will you tell me, please, what is your name?"

"Yes, indeed, I am called Thought. You would never imagine how many wonderful things I can do to help you, but as you are good and do not worry your mother by crying and fretting, I am going to take you on a beautiful ride to-day; another time I will show you something different. Now I can't take all of you up to that cloud, but your wishing part can go. Just stop thinking about your lame legs, because that makes you heavy, and think only of the cloud. In a moment you will be there."

So Rudra stopped thinking of his legs or of the ground on which he lay. He thought of the cloud, as the kind fairy told him to do, looking at it with a new hope in his heart. Soon he felt himself lying on its soft bank that carried him along faster than a horse can run. He looked down on the mountain and laughed to see how much higher he had climbed than the children he had thought so strong. He could look into birds' nests in the tallest trees and watch the flight of an eagle over the mountain. He could even see far away where a river rippled over its pebbles to hurry on to the sea.

Rudra was now so happy that he forgot all about his troubles. He shouted as gaily as any boy in the village and tried to spring up. But this he could not do. He fell back and looked around him.

Was n't it strange? but there he was on the ground again. He had come back so swiftly that he did not even know he was coming. At first he felt very much disappointed, for he had not been away half as long as he wished, but he was comforted by the fairy, who said as she left him, "I will often come again." —*Mercie M. Thirds, in The Kindergarten Magazine.*

UNCLE BILLY recently developed a great deal of interest in religious matters, and it was observed with a good deal of surprise by several boat-owners that he was no longer ready and willing to take a hand at the work they offered him. One of the men who had depended a good deal on his services said: "I'm sorry that you won't work any more." "Indeed, sah, I is puffickly willin' to wuhk; but I kain't wuhk in yoh boat." "Why not?" "Kase she's a two-master." "Why, that's no reason at all." "Massa, ef you wants to 'peril yer own soul, 'tain' none ob my business; but de Good Book says pla'n as day dat no man kain't sarbe two masters."—*Washington Star.*

FOR THE TOILET

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